

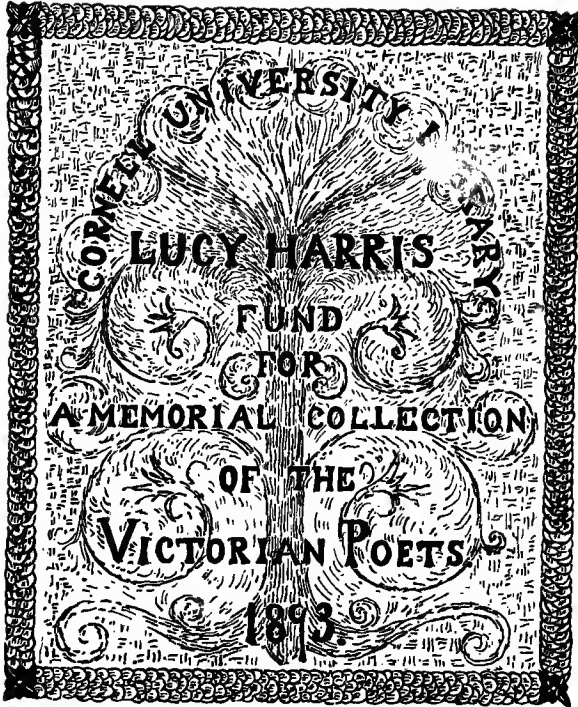


VERSES

COMPOSED SINCE 1870

By <sup>Wm</sup> WILLIAM BALL.





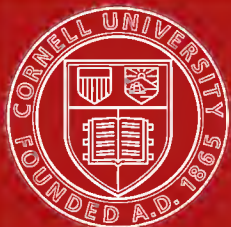
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**Verses, composed since 1870:some elegiac**



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V E R S E S,

COMPOSED SINCE 1870:

SOME ELEGIAC; OTHERS OCCASIONAL, AND  
MISCELLANEOUS.

BY WILLIAM BALL.



[NOT PUBLISHED.]

1875.

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Prefix.

THESE jottings of recent years are especially inscribed to those dear Ones who have been, from their early childhood, closely associated with me (with Us, and with our Homes); and who may not regret that these late, fugitive, verses have escaped the waste-basket, and are thus preserved.

W. B.

ALDERBRAE,  
NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1875

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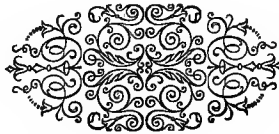


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I.

Sonnet: Professor Sedgwick.

Not, Sedgwick! for thy power to wrest  
Secrets from Science with thy grasp,  
Doth many a friend thy memory clasp  
Close to a sorrow-heaving breast.  
Not that, by thee, Earth, dispossessed,  
Gave up the spoil that, buried, lay—  
Nor, that its lifting into day  
A 'sermon' on the 'stone' impress'd.  
No—not for these, though all were good,—  
But that thine Eve taught cheering truth  
How Age may lovely be as Youth,  
Feelings still fresh, and aims pursued;  
December's day like one in May,  
And Winter, gay, in Springtide's mood!

II.

*My Garden-Party.*

MY Garden-Party, on the green,  
    Delay'd till Summer sunset shone,  
Then, scattering, vanish'd from the scene  
    Till I was left alone.  
Still 'neath the trees I sat alone  
    For want of purpose, not for rest,  
Till sunset's parting ray was gone  
    From quivering in the west.  
These are the moments when, distress'd,  
    The soul, unoccupied, delays  
Among old thoughts, and makes sad quest  
    Into the former days.  
And, scarce, a lonely' home allays  
    The pain and chill of thoughts like these,  
Nor nerves afresh, with heart of grace,  
    To face such memories!

Now sighs the night-wind in the trees,  
Now, through the gloom, the night-bird flies;  
And for the house, that no more sees  
Its light, at length I rise  
With faltering step,—nor brave nor wise  
Is he, scorn'd of the wise and brave,  
Whose memories are obsequies,  
Whose haunt the recent grave!—  
Love, if not always wise, is brave,  
And Friendship, firm as 'lasting hill;'  
But Memory, shivering at the grave,  
Trembles, a coward still!—  
My Party wins bright homes,—may ill,  
Nor pain, take from their life its shine!—  
For me, meanwhile, let bending will  
And steadfast faith be mine!



III.

W. S. M.

ANOTHER face (too briefly known)  
Is framed to hang in Memory's Hall ;  
Another writing on its wall  
Records a friend for ever gone !

I call him *friend*, though scarcely Time  
To friendship had acquaintance brought—  
He was too pleasing in my thought  
Unwept to perish in his prime !

Alas, how many weep for him !  
His ' wife of youth,' his loving friends !  
And farther round the grief extends,  
Till hearts are sad, and eyes are dim.

In deep Bereavement, all the springs  
Of wonted consolation fail :  
The Mourner nothing can avail—  
Oh, Lord! save healing from Thy wings!

Thus, pacing Memory's Hall, I trace  
The traits of many lost and dear,  
And ask my soul, Why linger here,  
Disparted from *their* dwelling-place?

But, Lord! *where* Thou wouldst have us be  
Is *Peace*, the troubled soul to still—  
Earth brightens, subject to Thy will,  
And Heaven were darkness, void of Thee!



William Pennefather.

'Gather my saints together unto me ; those that have made a covenant with me by sacrifice.'—PSALM L. 5.

ANOTHER saint is gather'd now,  
Whose soul in youth was timely wise  
To covenant by ' sacrifice'  
Of self for Christ, and kept his vow !

Early, his eye by Faith could see  
The ' sacrifice' of Calvary's Cross !  
He counted all, for Christ, but loss,  
And serv'd Him in true ministry.

Service, how various and how wide !  
A service faithful to the end,  
Still by ' the love of Christ constrain'd,'  
To whom he lived, to whom he died !\*

\* Rom. xiv. 8.



Stricken ourselves, we know, for him  
Whose life was Christ,\* to die was gain ;  
For us how 'needful' † to retain  
Such treasure in *our* vision dim !

Alike in grace and nature dear,  
Lovely in life, in death deplored,  
'Loved in the flesh, and in the Lord'—‡  
For him, who shall forbid the tear ?

The God with whom, in wisdom's way,  
He walked, *translates* him from our sight !  
His path was as the shining light,  
That shines unto the perfect day !

\* Phil. i. 22.

† Phil. i. 24.

‡ Philemon 16.



## Boat Accident in Loch Gil.

[Dr MURRAY, a young man, aged 28, who, being himself the strongest swimmer in the district, doubtless sank in the vain effort to save his young companion ; having often risked his own life to save that of others from drowning.]

THE happiest end of life is found  
In doing good, e'en when we die,  
Approved of God, and not to lie  
As lingering cumberers of the ground.

Then let not loving friends bemoan  
Young Murray with too sore a grief,  
Who perish'd, in our sure belief,  
A life to rescue, not his own.

‘ Whom the gods love die young’—and why?  
Perchance that, in this mortal state,  
Their *early* goodness might not *late*  
The test of lengthened days defy.

Heaven’s estimate from Earth’s is wide  
As east from west :—be life a span,  
Heaven reckons wisdom age to man,  
And spotless life as eventide.



VI.

On seeing a Fresh Wreath of Immortelles  
on the Grave of a Young Lady

IN GRASMERE CHURCHYARD.

[A. D. R., who died at the beautiful house she had built a few  
years since at Grasmere.]

I SAW the wreath'd Immortelles lie  
The tear-wash'd sod above!  
Such offering of a tender hand\*  
(Though Stoic souls reprove)  
Is but the yearning of the heart  
Still to express its love!

The Stoic soul in this doth judge,  
As in all else, amiss—

\* Her sister's.

Do not the Dead *our* path of woe  
Watch from *their* home of bliss?  
Are they not happier for the proof  
Of constant love like this?

By Christian faith, Living and Dead  
One family are seen :  
The name of Christ\* is still the bond  
Both Earth and Heaven between,  
And every passage of dear love  
Should ever intervene!

\* Eph. iii. 15.



## My Sister C.

THIS world is changed to me, where once I ranged  
with thee,

From South to utmost North in Britain's scenes,  
Companion ever true ! whose converse, ever new,  
Brighten'd the joy in Nature's choice demesnes.

Whate'er I loved to see, must now impoverish'd be  
Of all that to the joy its richness gave !  
And all the favourite scenes, of Nature's choice  
demesnes  
Are darken'd in the shadow of thy grave !

Intense, all speech above, intense, for us, Thy love—  
Intense thy loving gaze on Nature's face :  
Thy heart thrill'd, silently, to murmur of the sea,  
Or breeze that rifled Autumn's fading grace.

They spoke, with voiceful tone, to Thee, of many a  
one

For whom to *care* was still thy fond employ :  
The falling of a leaf, could stir some hidden grief,  
The glancing beam could wake some hopeful  
joy!

Those who have sat with thee, beside the summer  
sea,

Or mid the scattering of the autumn grove—  
*Thine own*,—can well confess, how thy sweet ten-  
derness

Could blend thy love for us with Nature's love!

In kind unconsciousness, did thy dear spirit pass  
To see the wonders of a world more fair,  
From care and pain set free, the far-off land to see,  
With vision of the King in beauty there!



VIII.

Life's Morn and Even.

LIFE'S Morning to Life's Evening said

(Across the Noon),—'How free from care

'Your calm! *You* build no piles in air,

'Nor will *you* mourn o'er hopes betray'd!'

'Of mourning sore,' Life's Evening sigh'd,

'Of such air-castles, have I not

'Enough, for one poor mortal's lot,

'Already seen?'—Life's Morn replied,—

'Mine are misgivings of success,

'*Uncertainty* if years to come

'My Noon, my Eve, bless with sweet home.'

Answered Life's Eve, with plaintiveness,—



‘ *My certainty* warns that *my state*  
‘ Fits not with thought for *future days*—  
‘ Fits not with plan or purpose; says  
‘ To enterprise, “Too late! Too late!”’

Saith Morning,—‘ What though there *be* room  
‘ For plans, if Disappointment wait,  
‘ Watching, at every opening gate,  
‘ To fasten it, in closing gloom.’

Saith Evening,—‘ See, what stretch of Green,  
‘ Flowers, Harvest, Snow, expand for thee!  
‘ One narrow strip but left for me—  
‘ The grave,—and this dear home between.’

Still, Morning’s face was clouded, lest  
Some gathering shade should shroud the day,  
While Evening smiled, to see the ray  
Of promise kindle in the west !



IX.

‘ I fathom all the fond regret.’

I FATHOM all the fond regret  
That sickens for thy youth again!  
That of the *present* doth complain,  
Nor from the *past* can sever yet!

I know thy musing’s secret train,  
Know well what rosy youth away  
Doth take! and know what years convey  
To make us sigh for youth again!

But, cease the plaint thy lot that wrongs,  
Cheer thee with faith, whate’er betide,  
And dwell upon the brighter side  
That to each stage of life belongs!

The moss-clad stone, 'neath wither'd bough,  
That shone yestreen all emerald green,  
By night-frost spotted, now, is seen,  
And ne'er more beautiful than now!

Last May, I to the hawthorn said,  
'Nought can thy loveliness out-do;'  
But lovelier, now, in beauty new,  
It decks the snow with gems of red!



## Caroline J.

BORN to so dear a home, and all its ties,  
To culture, science: prosperous birth was thine  
To Nature's love, to art, whose instinct fine  
Could blend with thy warm heart's affinities.

Thine was another birth, to breathe the breath  
That pants for purer joys and upper air,  
Where Jesus, interceding, sits, and where  
His child draws strength for life, and hope for  
death!

Brought nigh to Him, yearning like Him to be,  
Thy soul, subdued, yearn'd with a ceaseless love  
Over His poor, that with health's failure strove:  
Thy mourners hear,—'Thou did'st it unto Me!'

And thus another birth for thee remain'd—  
Dying on Earth but to be born in Heaven!  
Sleeping in Jesus, and all sin forgiven,  
Waking in 'Paradise,' by Him 'regain'd!'

Thy bed of death, how calm! how passing sweet!  
Upon thy flight did not the angels wait?  
Did not thy brother meet thee at Heaven's gate,  
Thy mother lead thee to the Saviour's feet?

Father and sister! friends beloved! how deep  
This life-long sorrow, well my spirit knows:  
Yet, hark!—'Weep but for me the tear of those,  
'Heaven comforted, in thankfulness who weep!'



*Impromptu Sonnet.*

WE part, and when again we meet  
We know not, nor should ask to know ;  
But, long as life's warm tide may flow,  
Shall cherish, in remembrance sweet,  
These pleasant days ; though, now, unmeet  
Am I to feel or minister  
The joy that others may confer,  
(Or in the world, or in retreat,)  
In *giving out* their happiness,  
That sparkles from unfailing spring,  
To brighten pleasure, lift distress,  
And give to Time his swiftest wing ;  
But friendship outlives joy, and lives to bless  
Alike thro' Winter's blast and Summer's blos-  
soming.

‘ In Marnwood’s Paths.’

IN Marnwood’s paths once more I stray,  
As ever, rich in beauty rare.  
But where is Marnwood’s Mistress? where?  
Whose absence clouds the smiling day.

She lies upon the couch of pain,  
But calm ; amid her weariness  
No murmur blends with her distress—  
No other sound than thankful strain.

She numbers blessings of the past  
And present—on the lov’d ones gone,  
As on herself, the mercy shown ;  
To last, while lingering life shall last.

This sheltering Home, the power to do  
Much for Christ's poor in His dear love;  
And most, her part in Him above  
That draws her spirit upward too!

By faith her future is not dim;  
She leaves it in the tender hand  
Of that dear Lord by whose command  
*All things are ours,\** if found in Him!

\* 1 Cor. iii. 21-23.





To S. H. H., on her 70th Birthday.

'Tis well, on this *mark'd* natal day,  
 That added years bring no dismay,  
 But thankful trust they rather bring,  
 With added mercies on their wing.  
 He, who hath lov'd thee, still is nigh ;  
 Who, when the waves of grief ran high,  
 Threatening thy fragile bark to whelm,  
 Could walk the waves, and take the helm !  
 Wilt thou not bless His kind command  
 To trust thy future in His hand,  
 Drooping and lone no more to be  
 With such a Friend in company ;  
 To bear thee through the river chill,  
 To land thee on His holy hill,  
 And, loving to the end, prepare  
 Lov'd Ones to meet, who wait thee there !

## William Hill :

(OLD SERVANT AT MARNWOOD.)

OH, the true dignity of Heavenly grace  
That gives a man, no matter what his place  
Or station in this world, such faith and love  
As train and fit him for the world above!  
Let him be *poor*, already you may trace  
Refining influence in his tranquil face,  
E'en now ennobled; for with treasure rare  
He hath in heaven, his thankful heart is *there*.  
His upward glances, where his treasure lies,  
Already claim his kindred with the skies.  
Such was good WILLIAM HILL, true witness saith;  
Valued in life, and honour'd in his death!  
These are my thoughts, in pausing, where they laid,  
In Christian hope, his venerable head!  
Oh, may we live like him, that, when we die,  
We, too, may leave behind like memory!

Acrostic.

J OIN'D to the Just—their ransom paid—  
 O n Zion Hill, who, Victors, stand!  
 H ow do we envy spirits made  
 N ow perfect, in that better land!

B ut if *our* service be not o'er,  
 A nd Wisdom wills it thus to be,  
 R emembrance only bids us more  
 T o persevere, and follow Thee—

L ike as Thyself did'st strive, by prayer,  
 E ver to walk as Jesus led!  
 T hat in the end we, too, may share  
 T hy Christian death and peaceful bed!

XVI.

S. B. B.

SISTER, almost, and last! well may I grieve  
    When thou art gone.  
From childhood's morn to lengthening shades of eve  
    We travell'd on  
In changeless friendship, through life's changeful  
    clime,  
In love that knew no change, outwearying Time!

Faithful as cherish'd! with none other, now,  
    Can I retrace  
The scenes and visions of my youth, where thou  
    Hadst constant place  
In every foreground: worthy to adorn  
A brighter picture than my childhood's morn!

My eve! though shadows fall, though day depart,  
    Yet still remains

The trembling hope of rest, where the reft heart  
Its lost regains!  
I know that, lowly still, not upper air  
Lifts thee above old friendship, even there!

*The Same.*

Still faithful to her God, thro' life, from youth—  
With all her gentleness, firm for His Truth—  
A Christian ripe, and counting all but loss  
For winning Christ, and cleaving to His Cross.

A bright companion, an example pure,  
The friend of all, but, most, of all the poor,  
Who mourn their loss (lamented far and wide)—  
Beloved, she lived—honoured and wept, she died!



When the Prince of Wales was supposed  
to be gone—Dec. 1871.

TIDINGS to take away the Nation's breath!—  
 From Palace to the Cot, the Nation's tear  
 With Wife's, with Mother's, blends in wail sincere  
 For Him whose only foe was ruthless Death!  
 Faults in a Prince the world was prompt to see,  
 But, leaning to the side of Kindliness,  
 Let them but take the form of its excess  
 Seen through the haze of sorrowing memory!  
 Now, deeply mourn'd! we only would retrace  
 Thy good, thy purpose right to do, and be;—  
 Thy earliest venture was for Charity,\*  
 And duteously recall'd thy Father's grace!  
 May'st thou, like Him, have gain'd, thro' Christ, the  
 Home  
 Guarded from earthly lure, and ill to come!

\* The Prince of Wales' *first* public speech on opening the Lambeth  
Schools.

The Prince of Wales' Recovery.

WE gave Him up in hopelessness,  
Foreboding all we fear'd :  
Upon that ocean of distress  
Nor sun nor stars appear'd.  
Well may the Wife, the Mother, droop,  
When England's spirit fails,  
And nought but 'hoping against hope'  
Lives for our Prince of Wales!

The Nation's heart, from day to day,  
Is in that darken'd room,  
Where only comes the feeble ray  
That shows despairing gloom.  
For chill despair is written there  
And bravest hearts assails!

Hear, pitying Lord, a Nation's prayer,  
And spare our Prince of Wales!

\* \* \* \* \*

The Great Physician hears our cries,  
And 'health and cure' He brings:  
The Sun of Righteousness doth rise  
With healing in His wings.

The Nation's prayer, the Nation's tear,  
At length with God prevails;  
He crowns our hope, and calms our fear,  
And heals our Prince of Wales!

For this, Thanksgiving far abroad,  
Wide as the world shall fly;  
Thanksgiving to our faithful God,  
Who would not let Him die!—  
Let praise inspire both lives and lips  
For mercy ne'er that fails,  
That chased the Nation's dread eclipse,  
And spared our Prince of Wales!



Violet's Wish,

after her Baby Brother's Death, to Peep into Heaven.

SWEET child! if such a visit  
Were granted to thy prayer,  
Thou in the Shepherd's bosom  
Should'st see thy Brother there!

Some mothers dear, and fathers,  
Their little ones must spare,  
Or else no blessèd children  
Would sing, rejoicing, there!

But Heaven were scarcely Heaven,  
Were scarcely bright and fair,  
Without those happy children  
In all their beauty rare.

Heaven's garden were less lovely  
Without its rosebuds fair—  
Its living green were darken'd  
If no white lambs were there.

Sweet child! thy loving Parents  
Are gifted, now, to share  
*With* Heaven the blessèd treasure  
That lifts their spirits there!



## I.'s first-born.

CHILD of thy youthful Parents' hope and prayer,  
 Their morning joy, their rosebud without thorn,  
 To the dear love of *generations* born,  
 Of wealth, so multiplied, the favour'd Heir!  
 Though *me* thou ne'er can'st know,—if verse so frail  
 Could long survive the hour that lays me low,  
*Then*, through Tradition's teaching, thou may'st  
 know  
 How old, ancestral Love, to bid Thee hail,  
 Look'd back a moment from Time's closing vale  
 And bade the welcomes that to Thee belong,—  
 Child of thy Parents' youth, their morning ray,  
 Nor less *their* cherish'd Parents' evening song!  
 Ancestral Friendship hails thine opening day  
 And speeds Thee, with its blessing, on Life's way!

## Mary Arnold.

AND must this name increase the heavy page  
Of Elegy? Oh, Friend of mine and me!  
How doth this valley darken, losing thee,  
With all the hallowing brightness of thine age!  
Perfect in all relations—wise as free,  
And kind as wise, in all cementing love,—  
Thy bounteous light *within* its sphere could move,  
Yet shed *beyond* its gracious brilliancy!—  
Of thy bright eve the mellow autumn-tint  
Token'd ripe faith and Christian hope serene:  
Thy lengthen'd course of daily life hath been  
Like clear rill, ever-welling, without stint,  
From upper springs, to bless the plain, and print  
All its glad borders with embroidering green!

## At the Grave of Mary Arnold.

How dumb the Grave! e'en thine; thou, ne'er  
before

Refusing to respond—belov'd, deplor'd!

We would not break thine 'Ever with the Lord'  
E'en to reverse, for us, the *nevermore!*

But, long as Rothay her fair arm shall fling

In fond embrace o'er Fox How's copsewood lea,  
So long shall tender memories of thee

Mingle with your lov'd river's murmuring—

'*Your*' river—Did ye not together bring

Your children to the Home yourselves had made  
Upon its grassy bank of greenwood shade,

In covert safe of Loughrigg's guardian wing?—

Oh, Earthly joy!—Oh, Earth's best friendships,  
how

Ye vanish as a dream, and fail me now!

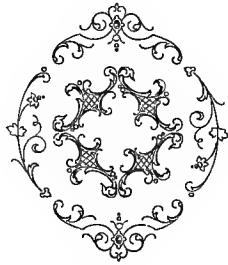
Memory.

MEMORY! I tremble while I keep  
Thine awful power before mine eye;  
A power that lives, and will not die,  
But only seems, awhile, to sleep.

Our memories lodge in countless cells,  
Whose doors have, each, a secret spring—  
A touch can to the daylight bring  
The deepest memory, there, that dwells!

Even the one of darkest dye,  
And shut the closest from the day,  
Shall wake from slumber to obey  
The touch, struck by Eternity!

Then, mastering Memory, Lord! pour in  
The only balm that heals the soul,—  
Thy promise to 'blot out' the whole,  
And 'no more to remember' sin!



## To W. D. and S. W. C.

FRIENDS rise in value as they count so few,  
As Time's cold hand so many sweeps away—  
So, smiles still lingering green, above decay,  
While pallid leaves the woodland floor bestrew!—  
How few survive, with whom 'aloud to think'  
Of all our past, from morn till evening gray :  
How precious now is each remaining link  
Of Friendship's chain, so rich in earlier day!—  
To you I breathe the oft-renewing wail,  
Lightening, in your response, the secret weight  
Of former woe, that made so desolate  
The heart and home! and made the spirit fail  
And sink, till He, who still can wonders do,  
Sent from above, and from the waters drew!



Grober S.,

(RECTOR OF RUSKINGTON.)

WONT, in thy youth, with *us* to stay,  
Companion bright, in Rothay's Glen!—  
Long, heavy, years roll'd on; and then  
Thou cam'st to gladden Alderbrae.—

Poet when a boy, but wise betimes  
A course of usefulness to choose,  
Not narrow'd by self-pleasing views,  
Nor wasting life on idle rhymes.—

We travell'd o'er the days of old,  
Changèd myself, and changèd thou—  
The Poet-boy a Pastor now  
Of scatter'd flock on country wold.

Yet time for verse, love, friendship too,  
Was found (thy latest ' Poems ' my boon)—  
Thy friends, and thy betroth'd, how soon  
To mourn thee! vanish'd from their view!

For fell disease, that deadliest foe,  
Ravaged thy flock—all care was thine,—  
Till, sacrificed on Duty's shrine,  
The dire contagion laid thee low!

Thus, doth the grave from sight and ken  
Hide those who shared my earlier day!  
—Oh, death! thou witherest joy away,  
Relentless, from the sons of men!

While, friends, fast-falling from my side,  
Fail me on life's descending slope,  
What, but the gleam of Gospel-hope  
Could lighten such an eventide!



## The Highlander.

WRITTEN AT ALDERBRAE (AND PARTLY ON A PERIODICAL  
OF THAT NAME).

CRADLED in legend, crown'd with fame,  
    We speed the gallant 'Highlander,'  
    Oft victor, in unequal war,  
In strife of peaceful arts, the same—  
Exalting, still, his country's name,  
    (By Southron sojourns, rising still)  
    Without whose figure on the hill  
E'en Scotia's heather hills were tame!  
Then speed the Highlander, and fill  
    With all success his votive hand!—  
For me, though Rothay's lovely rill  
    Freshens my home in Westmoreland,  
Though dear my home by Thames's vill,  
This Highland home delights me still!

The New Drive by Loughrigg Tarn.

IF to the *menders* of our ways  
Both thanks and praise are due,  
The *maker* of *these* ways our praise  
Is well entitled to.—

So wisely order'd—one might guess  
That Wisdom's self had plann'd  
To make these 'ways of pleasantness'  
Amid our mountain-land.

Through copse and larch, 'neath rock and cairn,  
They skirt the rugged height,  
And open out sweet Loughrigg Tarn  
To our admiring sight.

Then show the charming High-Close ground  
(A woodland pass between),  
*High-Close* with fell and fern-tuft crown'd  
O'er slopes of shaven green—

*Where* every prospect we survey  
Some various beauty wears,  
*Where naught* is seen we wish away,  
And *every* charm appears!

A step,—we into Langdale look,  
Or over Grasmere gaze—  
Sure, Nature's wond'rous picture-book  
No finer scene displays!



To H. W. W., on her 74th Birthday.

ONCE we thought, in days of yore,  
Life was long at seventy-four ;  
But our error, now, we see,  
When, lov'd friend, we look on thee !

Such an error doth thee wrong :  
*Who* would deem *thy* life were long  
When nor mind, nor form, nor face,  
Bears of lengthen'd days the trace ?

Yet we grant thee seventy-four,  
And could credit thee with more  
In *one* sense, and only one,  
Of the years of 'good works' done—

Long it were to count the list,  
Such temptation I resist ;  
Knowing, too, 'twere vain to count,  
Passing number, the amount !

Works, unfalteringly pursued  
Through report, or ill or good,  
Through bereavement's sore distress,  
With unwavering faithfulness.—

But, for *once*, I know to thee  
Will plain truth *unwelcome* be—  
I must pause—and sing no more  
The good works of seventy-four.

Just a word—it shall be all  
Of these labours, great and small :  
*Still* thy Saviour's sweet employ  
Is thy favour'd evening's joy.

Bound to Him whose blood hath bought,  
Many crowns to thee are naught,  
Save to cast them at His feet,  
In His Righteousness complete!





## Two Sonnets on Death.

## I.

DEATH is the fiat of the All-wise!—  
 The back-ground, e'en of Death, can give  
 Enhancement of the life we live  
 Through perils and uncertainties.  
 If all *unthreaten'd* life had been  
 It could not, still, renew its zest :  
 How would the weary pant for rest  
 If startling Death stood not between!  
 We roam, but did we roam secure,  
 And, nothing venturing, did we roam,  
 Not even safe return to Home  
 Were gain so sweet, and joy so sure!  
 Oh, fiat wise! of mercy rife,  
 That Death should be the zest of life!

## I I.

At every turn, or far or near,  
In peril of our life we go,  
And prize, for Wisdom wills it so,  
A good so frail, with fondness dear.—  
The risk of loss makes, in our eye,  
So precious whom we love and bless!—  
Death can turn thoughts of tenderness  
Tow'rd them we love not, when they die!—  
Lord, if it be Thy perfect will  
To work, through Death, more weal than woe,  
Thy child would answer, Even so!  
We love not Death, but trust Thee still!  
Thou art the Life! On Death, may we  
Look kindlier as the way to Thee!



XXX.

For S. W. C.'s Birthday :

NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1872.

LONG-LOV'D friend! upon thy birthday  
Lift thy head in hope and prayer!  
Take this watchword for thy birthday,—  
'Cast on *Me* thy every care'!

Did thy Saviour, for thy ransom,  
All the heavy burden bear?  
Then, on Him, cast, with thanksgiving,  
Each remaining load of care.

Care for all life's shadow'd evening,  
Trustful for to-morrow's fare,  
Care e'en for the solemn *future*!  
Cast upon Him *all* thy care!

For the contrite, He ascended  
Heavenly mansions to prepare,  
And receives the poor in spirit,  
Whose inheritance is there!

Never shall their souls be sever'd  
From the love of Christ—and where  
He abideth, they inhabit,  
Fixed in joy for ever there!

Thus, loved friend! upon thy birthday  
Praise becometh, blent with prayer,  
*Present—Future—all* committed!  
*Jesus* taking all thy care!



XXXI.

## The Same :

NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1873.

MAY the *new* year so brightly  
Open, dear friend, on thee,  
The old shall seem unsightly,  
No more desired to see.

Glad, to thy sallow gleaming  
Old year! we say, adieu!  
If kindlier light shed beaming  
To consecrate the *New!*

Past years! for your forsaking  
We need not, will not, grieve,  
When opening heavens are breaking  
In blessing on our eve!

Not mindless, nor unfeeling  
Of mercies past, we pray  
Shine, oh thou Sun of Healing,  
Shine on our future way!



XXXII.

The Same :

NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1874.

ON this returning 'Day of Birth'  
Once more the shadows play—  
For shadow, on this weary earth,  
Plays oftener than the ray!  
Festals surround, but sounds of mirth  
For me, have pass'd away!

Dread anniversaries! How sad  
The past, and future dim!  
They come, to sorrow's cup to add  
The bitters to the brim!  
Yet can the Saviour's smile make glad  
The heart that trusts in Him!

I gaze upon the golden Firth  
In sunset's parting ray—  
Of friends still left me, south and north,  
I think, and for them pray!  
For *us*, that following 'Days of Birth'  
Bring heavenly peace alway!





XXXIII.

## The Same :

NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1875.

S o pass our years! (now of no small amount)  
A nd yet thy years seem to belie their date!  
R emember not, dear friend! their actual count,  
A ge is no more a *period*, but a state.  
H ow favour'd those, keeping, like thee, so late,  
W ith all their years, the open heart of youth,  
C onstant in warmth, reliable in truth,  
R etaining friendship's vows inviolate :  
E ndow'd with faculty to aid, to bless ;  
W ith power to charm our griefs, our spirits cheer!—  
D ear are you both, lov'd friends! to me, how dear,  
S ince you the rare and golden gift possess  
O f soothing sorrow, and bereavement drear :  
N e'er grudging joy the smile, nor grief the tear!

‘ Oh, Blessed Faith !’

OH, blessed Faith! that can the heart engage,  
 ‘ Believing unto righteousness,’ to look  
 With childlike trust in Revelation’s book,  
 Receptive of all truth upon its page—  
 Page more authentic than of Grecian sage,  
 Which all accept as genuine! without thee,  
 Oh Faith! men were but waifs, toss’d on the sea  
 Of hopeless, helpless, doubt, from age to age!  
 If Faith on *proof* must rest, then, where are we?  
 Then, ’gainst our human limits, we rebel:  
 We must accept th’ incomprehensible—  
 Postulates, oft, in place of proofs, must be!  
 If we receive but what we can explore,  
 Our own mysterious being we ignore!

To a Friend, who had Lost her only  
Daughter.

(SUGGESTED IN A WINTER'S WALK ROUND THE TWO LAKES.)

IN this lone, winter's, walk round Rydal mere,  
 And Grasmere's wave, that yieldeth to the frost  
 Less willingly than Rydal's—at such cost  
 Of life and warmth!—I think of old friends dear  
 Whom wintry Time, with me, makes mourners  
 drear,  
 Severing, with stroke relentless, tenderest ties  
 Of close *companionship*, that most we prize,  
 As *that* with thy lov'd daughter, ever near!—  
*Our* mere, to-day, half-frozen, yet can give  
 Its other half to image Heaven's own blue—  
 Half may to winter yield, but half is true  
 To Heaven! So be the life that, now, we live!  
 Though half (as mourners know) be sorrow's ice,  
 Half, yet unfrozen, may reflect the skies!

Rendering : ‘ Inscription written in Latin  
by Mr Gladstone :

“ The faithful image in marble, of Harriet, Duchess of  
Sutherland, . . . who died 27th Oct. 1868.”’

[On Monument (Noble Sculp.) in Trentham Church.—*Daily  
News*, 20th September 1871.]

HER lov'd and faithful image—as of one  
Most dear, shall ever linger with *her own!*  
Much, and by many, lov'd, with love intense  
She lov'd, perhaps even more, in recompense,  
In gifts of mind and person eminent,  
But, none the less, on duty's claims intent—  
As daughter and as sister; then, as wife  
And mother, perfect in the daily life—

Her wealth of heart, outgiving but the more,  
To friends and kindred, of its ample store!  
Whate'er of sweetness and delight below  
Is given to mortals, it was her's to know  
And, long, to taste with faculty so rare,  
To spread the joy that all around might share!  
Still, equal to herself, she could remain  
Through the last days of weariness and pain—  
To all God's purposes could freely bend  
Most tender; but not weak, unto the end—  
And in the faith of Christ she calmly died,  
Resting her hope on HIM, the crucified!

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*N.B.*—This small effort may, at least, be considered an accurate rendering. It was sent to the author of the Inscription, W. E. Gladstone, from two quarters (and from both without my knowledge) about the same time—that of his 'Vatican Decrees.' He returned approving ac-

knowledgments for each. First to Lord Ronald Gower\* who (also without my knowledge) possessed a copy. This is the reply:—‘I agree in your favourable opinion of the verses, and would ask to retain them, had they not been sent to me from another quarter by Mr Buller of Over-Stowey [Vicar of O. S.], who informs me they are by Mr William Ball of Glen Rothay, Rydal.’ Secondly, W. E. Buller received this reply:—‘Many thanks for your note and kind reminiscence. My opinion of the inclosure will be best shown by my mentioning that I intend to send it to a member of her family.’

\* The attached younger son of the lamented Duchess, who, himself, very much designed the monument.



## Chareville House : Clara.

DEAR Home of kindness and of genial cheer,  
Home to my weary spirit hast thou been,  
Sweet as the sight of the surrounding scene,  
Bright as the roses that are breathing near!  
And now the Children of the Home are seen  
Grown in 'good liking' up to all the prayer  
Of the lov'd Parents' hearts; and all their care  
Repaying well, with usury, I ween!—  
Before we call for blessing it is sent;  
Already are the inmates richly blest.—  
In this sweet Home doth more than glad content  
Pervade the scene, and fill each thankful breast:  
The Lord is honour'd here—and in the Tent  
Hallow'd to Him, He makes a hallow'd rest!

## Impromptu :

The flock of White Goats, at the Salmon-Leap,  
on the Shin, Sutherlandshire.

ON the height of heath-clad rock,  
Browsing 'mid the gorse and fern,  
See, of mountain goats, a flock  
*Gaze and marvel—mark and learn!*  
*Gaze*—they fraternise as sheep—  
*Marvel*, how compact they feed—  
*Mark*, the strong protect the weak—  
*Learn* the lesson, learn and heed!

That Christ's flock, from age to age,  
Should, than mountain goats, far more  
Ever through their pilgrimage,  
*Love, unite, bless, and adore!*  
*Love*, as brethren, all the rest,  
And *unite* in firm embrace,—  
*Bless*, in blessing to be bless'd,  
And *adore* their Shepherd's grace!



On Reading John Bright's Speech,

WHEN HE FIRST MET HIS CONSTITUENTS AT BIRMINGHAM,  
AFTER HIS ILLNESS (AUTUMN OF 1873).

It is the same! I hear it, and rejoice!

The same clear ring (the Nation's heart that  
thrills)

Wakens these vales, resounds among these hills,  
Brings to my ingle-nook the wonted voice—

The loyal voice all promise that fulfils,

Pleading for right, while discontent it stills:

The voice, forceful in council, that can bring

Again to England wisdom, nerve, and life,

Charming the rigours of dividing strife

(Where union should be firm) as breath of spring

Charms winter into calm! But *that* clear ring

In telling, all himself, my friend to be,

*Most* moves my heart its humble praise to sing,

Father of lights and perfect gifts,\* to Thee!

\* James i. 17.

## Garibaldi's Reception in London.

KINGS, dis-crown'd or crown'd, have found  
Welcome, still, on British ground—  
Now, let Royalty *un-crown'd*  
Doubly welcome be.

Noblest of the regal line,  
King o'er self by Right Divine,  
Winning realms but to resign  
Pomp and dignity!

Garibaldi! name of power,  
Who, of kingdoms, giveth dower,  
Self-oblivious; Hail the hour!  
Britain welcomes thee!

Name that shines in Glory's wreath,  
Name that 'bates the Despot's breath,  
Name that threatens Priestcraft's death,  
Pledge of Liberty!—

From the palace to the cot,  
Britain's homes are pouring out  
Hearts that swell that name to shout,—  
Watchword of the free!

Pledge and Watchword may it be  
Of Italian unity!  
Freedom's friends, where'er they be,  
A united Italy  
Shall, rejoicing, see!



Anna J.

OUR social sphere, so shaded now,  
Darkens in losing thee!  
How hard to such a stroke to bow!  
No more on earth to see  
That sunny smile, that open brow,  
That sweet benignity!—

Shalt thou, lov'd friend, be all unsung,  
Dear as thou wert, and art?  
Belov'd, alike, by old and young,  
Who grieve from thee to part,—  
The law of kindness on thy tongue,  
Of love within thy heart!

Unselfish life, that lovely thing,  
As thine, one seldom sees—

Like streamlet fed by living spring,  
And open to the breeze,  
Yet that no blast of wintry wing  
Can its bright flowing freeze!

And this, as the 'reft sister, lone,  
None else may comprehend,  
Now left alone! yet not alone;  
The ever-present Friend,  
Whose care was o'er her lov'd one gone,  
Is with her, to the end!



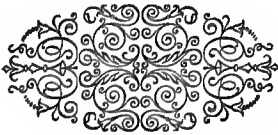
To H. B., on her 80th Birthday.

THEE, long-lov'd friend, I warmly greet  
Upon thy natal day,  
A day of fellowship\* so sweet,  
That sense of change, decay,  
Seem'd but to lead us on to meet  
With lov'd ones pass'd away!

Taught early in thy Saviour's will  
To choose His service free,  
How bless'd thine age—how favour'd still  
Belov'd and bright to be!  
The dew of Zion's lasting hill  
Descending still on thee!

\* Q. Meeting at Darlington.

Thou, gently down Life's shortening way  
Supported, wilt descend,  
Leaning on Him, thy hope, thy stay,  
Jesus—the changeless Friend,—  
The same to-day as yesterday ;  
Who loves 'unto the end'!



XLIII.

Sybil J.

(To E. J.)

Lov'd much! to be remember'd long!  
Endow'd so many souls to bless!  
Graced with such gentle loveliness,  
While gifted with a faith so strong!

Faithful to Christ, far o'er the main  
She moved, His Gospel messenger,  
Devoted to His cause! To her  
To live was Christ, to die was gain!

Oh friend bereav'd! Though thine must be  
No transient mourning! Thy delight  
And solace, hidden from thy sight,—  
I fear not, even now, for thee!



Faith will sustain! Though strange and new  
    *Thy grief, her joy*—sorrow unshared  
    By her, to soothe ever prepared!  
In weal and woe partner so true!

And yet *we* know, as those but know  
    O'er whom *these* whelming waters roll,  
    How Jesus, to uplift, console,  
Can walk the billows of our woe!

Can lighten prospects made so dim,  
    And, pointing to the rifted sky,  
    Reveal the unbroken family  
In Earth and Heaven still one in Him!



XLIV.

S. J.

A STRAIN, howe'er imperfect, brief,  
Let friendship's hand bestow:—  
Elegiac utterance brings relief  
Though nothing *new* it show—  
The only newness in the grief  
The freshness in the woe!

For who, like thee, alike combined  
Wisdom with tenderness?  
Such tolerance with such force of mind?  
Judgment with gentleness?  
Severe on self, to others kind  
In loving lowliness!

Yet all conspires to heal, to soothe,  
Mid tender grief for thee,

Thou bright exemplar of the truth,  
That 'He who honoureth Me'\*  
(As did thy course from early youth),  
'By Me shall honour'd be' !\*

'Bless'd are the dead,' the Spirit saith,  
Who rest with Christ on high!  
Their works remain—they died in faith,  
Their labours never die!—  
Who live to Christ, to them, is death  
'Gain' for Eternity!

\* 1 Sam. ii. 30.



Falmouth Homes.

FIRST PART.

L AMORVA sheds a calm and steadfast sheen,  
 A mellow light, that cheers my evening shade :  
 M y friends, its inmates, still, are spots of green  
 O n the dim waste that death and grief have made !  
 R emembrance, as *we* commune, paints each scene  
 V anish'd and gone, and bids the present fade  
 A nd melt into the days that once have been !

T ell me not, *here*, of age and wintry clime  
 R olls back, this spot, methinks, the stream of  
     Time  
 E ver the mind displays the hues of youth,  
 B lent with old friendship's dear and faithful truth ;  
 A nd while the *past* chastens the *present* cheer,  
 H ope for the future shines through Memory's  
     tear !

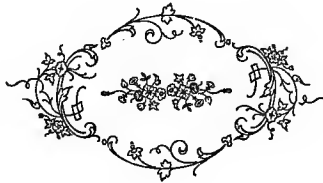
P enjerrick, with its wealth of beauties rare,  
 E xotics, that must, elsewhere, die the death,—  
 N aught interpos'd to mar its prospects fair,  
 J oyous with flowers, and fragrant with their breath,—  
 E ver appears some intermediate state  
 R eplete with many a charm that Eden knew,  
 R ich in Earth's bounties—rich in Heaven's own  
     dew :

I t seems a spot where sainted ones may wait  
 C ontent to tarry, e'en from Zion Hill  
 K eeping fond watch—loving—communing still !

G ay with rich blossoms is this bank of green ;—  
 L iving its green,—and *there*, if Death will tread  
 E 'en among flowers, yet Faith can intervene  
 N or fail in succour for the sinking head.—  
 D eep shadows have this beauteous scene pass'd o'er  
 U nmurmuring mourners—at the Heavenly call  
 R estored the loved ones that are gone before ;  
 G one to perfected joy from mortal thrall—  
 A youth, a maiden, e'en a child, may know  
 N o joy of earth untinged of earth's woe !

P enmere! Home of my lov'd ones! Sweet Penmere,  
 E nrich'd by all that makes a homestead dear,  
 N ow\* (as I hear) almost your own! How nice! }  
 M ake sure the title, is my sage advice;  
 E 'en so earth teaches;—but the heavenly-wise }  
 R ead with more emphasis their Title clear—  
 E xcelsior!—to a mansion in the skies.

\* About to be purchased.



XLVI.

Falmouth Homes.

SECOND PART.

Penjerrick.

HOME of my friends! made hallow'd ground  
By holy watch of friends above,  
Whose tender memories gather round  
The wonted scene of so much love.

Son, Mother, Daughter! angels now!  
Can minister as angels do,  
Can chase the cloud from sorrow's brow,  
And upward draw the mourner's view!

Again, again, and oft again  
They quit the fields of upper air,  
Their own Penjerrick to regain,  
And commune with the lov'd ones *there*.

I, too, have known bereavement sore,—  
That treasures brighten as they fly!  
Then let our hearts, yet more and more,  
Be with our treasures in the sky!

*Trebah.*

What cherish'd interests still delay  
In Trebah, where the beam  
Of friendship shines, with sparkling play  
Of wit, as in its earlier day,  
Mellow'd by evening's gleam.

Long may these lights, unshaded, shine  
In all their wonted glow—  
And if, lov'd friend! the couch confine  
Still through long years, may grace divine  
Patience and faith bestow!

My brother-friend hath still the cheer  
(As I rejoice to see)



Thy smile to meet—thy voice to hear  
That gladdens still the circle dear!  
Long, long, thus may it be!

Glendurgan.

Glendurgan knows, that solemn shade  
Its splendid view and sunny lawn  
Could overspread! But faith, that shade  
Turns to the morning's\* dawn!

Those parents dear, unmurmuring, see  
The child that gladden'd hearth and home  
Transplanted where the blessèd be,  
Where sin, nor grief, can come!

How numerous once—how scatter'd now  
Glendurgan's bright and beauteous band!  
Yet can those parents meekly bow  
And bless the All-wise Hand!

\* Amos v. 8.

Still may they, at their Saviour's side,  
Be kept of Him in perfect peace!  
Their's be the light at eventide,  
Brightening with life's decrease!

Lamorva.

Well-pleas'd my long-lov'd friends I greet  
Beneath this roof, before unknown—  
And yet *well-known* should be the seat  
Of friends so dear, wherever flown.

Lamorva, in my view, doth hold  
A treasure, rubies that transcends,  
Of greater price than Ophir's gold,—  
The treasure of two faithful friends!

Though sever'd from their former sphere,  
That could so ill their service spare,  
So *meetly placed* I see them HERE,  
I check my grief to miss them THERE!

## Boslawick.

Boslawick! No—I will not hide,  
But tell in open sun,  
Thy fault in stealing from my side  
The dear ones thou hast won!

Another fault, that thou hast power  
(However I would stem  
Thine influence), in my yielding hour,  
To draw me after them.

And yet, I dare not quite defy  
This influence if I could,  
Because thy *drawing* doth more nigh  
Draw me to '*Come-to-good!*' \*

\* The name of a neighbouring and ancient Meeting-House.

*Penmere.*

Last, but not least, belov'd Penmere,  
I chronicle a thought of thee :  
*Here* has a lonely wayfarer  
Found a sweet home—how sweet to me !  
Long may thy rural greenwood be  
The sheltering nest of those I love !  
On them and their's, descending free,  
Be 'showers of blessing' from above !



Scotch Sabbatarianism,

(TAKING ITS STAND ON THE DECALOGUE.)

To take *this* ground is to forget  
The Sabbath's elder claim,  
As if the Pearl were strictly set  
Within the Legal frame.

*Not*, from a code, given to the Jew  
Sound Christendom receives it:  
Primeval sanction, holy, true,  
Still, to the ages, gives it.

That sanction sets apart as due  
To God, our seventh of time—  
His claim on man, all ages through,  
Beneficent, sublime.

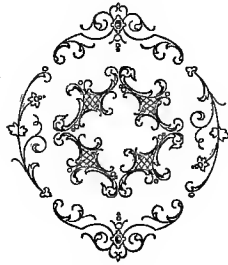
For man's behoof, the Sabbath's Lord  
Did tenderly devise  
The gracious Sabbath's silken cord  
To draw him to the skies.

The Sabbath, during Legal term,  
A Legal impress show'd ;  
But, ending Law, Christ did confirm  
Its use in Christian mode—

And set on its relaxing brow,  
To all futurity,  
His seal (shall we ignore it now ?)  
Of Christian liberty.

Dear, but infatuate Scotland, say,  
Why thwart the Gospel plan,  
That makes, for man, the Sabbath-day,  
*Not*, for the Sabbath, man ?

Christ did its Legal taint ignore  
And count a thing abhorr'd—  
Oh, Scotland! why that taint restore,  
And grieve the Sabbath's Lord?



Impromptu, at Forfar,

On being told, when I asked why the Blinds were down in  
the Streets, that it was 'keeping Sabbath.'

I SCARCELY thought the canny Scot  
Himself would open lay  
To such a jibe, as may describe  
*His* keeping of this *Day*.

The Gospel-ray shone on the *Day*  
To pierce the Jewish *blind*;  
That Dayspring clear, it doth appear,  
Is not to Scotland's mind.

Then let her slight the kindly light,  
Her darkling *Blind* within,  
And rail at me for being free  
To let the glory in!



‘ Long since a Mentor Counsell’d Me.’

LONG since a Mentor counsell’d me  
    (The wisest e’er I knew),  
‘ Your old friends scatter ; you must make  
    Friends of the young and new ;  
Soon must *your own* stay with *their own*,  
    Rather than stay with you !’

’Tis all fulfill’d ! *mine own* their sphere  
    In happy homes have found ;  
Their centre is their own fireside,  
    Their children sporting round.  
Now, well, that friends, the young and new,  
    And dear though new, abound !

I count it not mere chance when mind  
Meets with congenial mind,  
When in this great world's 'bundled hay'  
We can the 'needle' find  
That points to kindred souls, whom else  
We pass, as pass the blind!

*Affinity* demandeth not  
Sameness of age or view :  
Some pleasant inequalities  
Oft witness that, if new,  
Yet forcible, the latent tie  
That binds in concord true!



L.

Dorothy Wordsworth :

Her 'Tour in Scotland:' Edited by Principal Shairp.

LITTLE I deem'd when, pitiful, I hung  
Over thy chair of age, in olden time,  
And heard the feeble murmuring of thy chime  
On 'Sabbath-Day,' that dwelt upon thy tongue,  
That mine should be, as now, supreme delight  
In this rare beauty of thine affluent page!—  
No more with feebleness, no more with age  
I link thy name, Oh brightest of the bright!—  
Genius, that ever scatters warmth and light,  
E'en as thy brother's gift, was richly thine,  
Painting thy page with many a hue divine,  
Reflecting *Nature's* loveliness and might;  
Genius that renders *her* with native ease  
And native truth, while colouring all it sees!

E. A., M. D.

A GOOD man dies! Earth poorer made  
When such it knows no more!  
Heaven richer, when the blessèd dead  
Are added to its store!

I praise him not: His labours, best,  
And works of charity  
Praise him! His life his Lord confess'd:  
His record is on high!

If, as his lengthen'd course we scan,  
Some judgment-flaw appear:  
And Ignorance, this holy man  
May judge with frown severe—

Shall we the law of tolerance break  
With censors who condemn?—  
Better, with him, a flaw to make,  
Than harshly judge with them!

Sound in God's statutes,\* sound at heart,  
He evermore was found!—  
Oh, be it mine, that better part  
With God, than judgment sound!

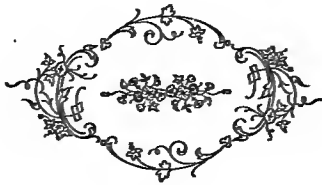
Enough! I praise him not! For, best,  
His works of charity  
Praise him! His life his Lord confess'd:  
His record is on high!

In all relations faithful still,  
From morn to evening shade!

\* Psalm cxix. 80.

Now, with the Just, on Zion Hill  
(Their spirits perfect made)

He stands, approved of God, whose eyes  
See not as eyes of men!—  
How many in 'That Day' will 'rise  
And call him blessèd,' then!



‘Where’er Beliebers may be found.’

‘MOREOVER the light of the moon shall be as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun shall be sevenfold, as the light of seven days, in the day that the Lord bindeth up the breach of His people, and healeth the stroke of their wound.’—ISAIAH xxx. 26.

WHERE’ER believers may be found  
 In Gospel truth revealed,  
 To whom Christ makes His grace abound,  
 Granting a pardon sealed—  
 There are ‘His people;’ and their wound,  
 That sin had made, is healed!

We see the moon, o’erclouded, rise  
 And, slow ascending, steal

Above the cloud that vainly tries  
Her lustre to conceal,  
Till, like the sun-light, all the skies  
Her radiant face reveal.

Thus grace bestows a growing light :—  
The healing of the stroke  
Lightens the soul, from nature's night  
And blindness that awoke ;  
Till, shining brighter and more bright,  
The perfect day hath broke.





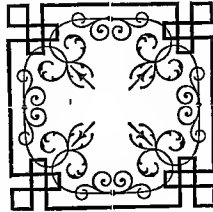
## Estrangement.

LET friends meet oft!—if they but meet  
 With dreary intervals between,  
 Much that will friendship make less sweet  
 May intervene!

The knowledge gone that presence gives,—  
 A slight divergence soon appears—  
 The interest droops, nor over-lives  
 Long lapse of years.

When meeting comes at last, I ween  
 Such lapse hath cast estranging shade:  
 Long interval hath changes seen  
 And changes made!

Let friends meet oft, if they would keep  
In open flow friendship's sweet rill,  
Lest absence breathe it into sleep  
Of icy chill!



S. H. W.

SUCH mother, e'en in death, can speak  
Of love unselfish! tender care!  
Still, to the last, her fingers weak  
The wonted task prepare.

She, for her own, must think and do  
Till fails the power e'en wool to weave  
Into bright flowers, the path to strew  
Of dear ones she must leave.

She casts her soul on Christ! Remains  
Still equal to herself! Her cares,  
Regrets and burdens, fears and pains,  
Departing with her prayers!

Such death the children do not dread,  
Nor from that chamber turn away :  
Oft do they enter, on her bed  
Emblems and wreaths to lay.

Oh, tenderest mother! 'twas thy gift  
(A parting gift almost divine,)  
Above the fear of death to lift  
By such a death as thine!



‘Nature’s Sole Remedy.’

NATURE’S sole remedy, we know

Beyond all challenge, lies in Grace :

By other teaching, who increase

Their knowledge, but increase their woe. \*

Yet lengthened days a chastening lore,

E’en without grace, can sadly teach ;

Experience, though it may not preach,

Teacheth stern truth unknown before !

E’en without grace, Age can reform

Our estimate of things and men ;

Make it more true of both, than when

Beheld, of yore, through colouring warm.

\* Eccles. i. 18.

Now, in the scale, the affections rise ;  
Mere intellect at *zero* stands ;—  
Rather kind words and clasping hands  
Than gifts devoid of sympathies !

If not Heaven-taught, what Heaven hath said,  
At last, the Time-taught learn to say,—  
It is the cry of their decay,—  
Give me thine heart, and not thine head !

Hearts over brains rank far above,  
As, in life's eve, we musing sit ;  
The world may sharpen human wit,  
But Heaven can hallow human love !















